

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And thou must cure me till I know tis done.
How ere my haps, my ioyes will neere begin!

Exit.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Armie ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Go Captaine, from me greet the *Danish King*,
Tell him, that by his licence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his Kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doe't my Lord.

Fortin. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraim, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How proposd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir?
Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, siue I would not farme it?

Now will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranckerrate, should it be sould in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garisond.

Ham. Two thousand soules and twenty thousand duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw,
This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and shewes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before,
How all occasions do informe against me,

And

Prince of Denmark

And spur my dull reuenge. V
If his chiefe good and marke
Be but to sleep and feed, a be
Sure he that made vs with suc
Looking before and after, ga
That capability and God-lik
To fust in vs vnus'd, now whe
Bestiall obliuion, or some cra
Of thinking too precisely on
A thought which quartered h
And euer three parts coward
VWhy yet I liue to say this thi
Sith I haue cause, and will and
To doe't; examples grosse as e
VVitnesse this Army of such
Led by a delicate and tender
VVhose spirit with diuine am
Makes mouches at the inuisib
Exposing what is mortall, and
To all that fortune, death and
Euen for an Egge-shell, Right
Is not to stir without great ar
But greatly to find quarrell in
VVhen honour's at the stake.
That haue a father kild, a mo
Excitements of my reason; and
And let all sleep, while to my f
The imminent death of twenty
That for a fantasie and trick o
Go to their graues like beds, fi
VVhereon the numbers cannot
VVhich is not tombe enough
To hide the slaine. O from this
My thoughts be bloody, or be

Enter Horatio, Gertrude

Quee. I will not speak with h

Gen. She is importunate.

Indced distract, her mood will